

# THE COLOSSAL

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS  
Author of the Tarzan Tales

## CHAPTER XVII A Lion and a Lamb

TO MERIEM, in her new home, the days passed quickly. At first she was all anxiety to be off into the jungle, searching for her Korak.

Bwana, as she insisted upon calling her benefactor, dissuaded her from making the attempt at once by dispatching a headman with instructions to learn from the old savage how he came into possession of the white girl and as much of her antecedents as might be of use to her.

Bwana was convinced that Korak was a creature of the girl's disordered imagination. He believed that the terrors and hardships she had undergone during captivity among the blacks and her frightful experience with the two Swedes had unbalanced her mind; but as the days passed, and he became better acquainted with her, and able to observe her under the ordinary conditions of the quiet of his African home, he was forced to admit that her strange tale puzzled him not a little; for there was no other evidence whatever that Meriem was not in full possession of her normal faculties.

The white man's wife, whom Meriem had christened "My Dear," from having first heard her thus addressed by Bwana, took not only a deep interest in the little jungle wif, because of her forlorn and friendless state, but grew to love her as well for her sunny disposition and natural charm of temperament. And Meriem, similarly impressed by like attributes in the gentle, cultured woman, reciprocated the other's regard and affection.

And so the days flew by while Meriem waited the return of the headman and his party from the country of Kovoudu. They were short days, for Meriem was crowded many hours of invidious instruction of the unlettered child by the lonely woman.

She commenced at once to teach the girl English, without forcing it upon her as a task. She varied the instruction with lessons in sewing and deportment, nor once did she let Meriem guess that it was not all play. Nor was this difficult, since the girl was avid to learn.

Then there were pretty dresses to be made, to take the place of the single leopard skin, and in this she found the child as responsive and enterprising as any civilized miss of her acquaintance.

A month passed before the headman returned—a month that had transformed the savage little half-naked Mangani into a daintily frocked girl of at least outward civilization. Meriem had progressed rapidly with the intricacies of the English language, for Bwana and My Dear persistently refused to speak Arabic from the time they had decided that Meriem must learn English, which had been a day or two after her introduction into their home.

But docile as Meriem was in these matters, there was one thing that she insisted on during her stay with the whites, Bwana and My Dear got used, in time, to finding her room empty and to have her turn up hours later, flushed and radiant after a wild romp through the trees and jungle.

Thus it was that the child and shoes she wore and the confining feminine

girth, the soles of her hard little feet and the palms of her capable hands remained exceedingly serviceable; nor did her grace and agility suffer.

The report of the headman plunged Meriem into a period of despondency, for he had found the village of Kovoudu deserted; nor, search as he would, could he discover a single native anywhere in the vicinity. For some time he had camped near the village, spending the days in a systematic search of the environs for traces of Meriem's Korak; but in this quest, too, he had failed. He had seen neither ape nor apeman.

Meriem at first insisted upon setting forth herself in search of Korak; but Bwana prevailed upon her to wait. He would go, he assured her, as soon as he could find the time; and at last Meriem consented to abide by his wishes. But it was months before she ceased to mourn almost hourly for her Korak.

My Dear grieved with the grieving girl and did her best to comfort and cheer her. She told her that if Korak lived he would look like a duck to water, and My Dear had never existed beyond the child's dreams.

She planned amusements to distract Meriem's attention from her sorrow and she instituted a well-designed campaign to impress upon the child the desirability of a civilized life and customs. Nor was this difficult, as she was soon to learn; for it rapidly became evident that beneath the uncouth savagery of the girl was a bedrock of innate refinement—a nicety of taste and a delicacy of palate that quite equaled that of her instructor.

My Dear was delighted. She was lonely and childless, and so she lavished upon this little stranger all the mother-love that would have gone to the care of her own. The result was that by the end of the first year none might have guessed that Meriem ever had existed beyond the lap of a mother. She had learned to read and write, and she had learned to speak English, and she had learned to use a needle and thread, and she had learned to sew, and she had learned to cook, and she had learned to be a lady.

She still nursed her secret sorrow, though she no longer mentioned it to My Dear. Scarce an hour passed that did not bring to her recollection of Korak and its poignant yearning to see him again.

Meriem spoke English fluently now and read and wrote it as well. To French she took like a duck to water, and My Dear often marveled that she learned this language with a facility that was at times almost uncanny. During the first lessons Meriem had puzzled her narrow, arched little eyebrows as though trying to force recollection of something all but forgotten which the new words suggested; and then, to her own astonishment as well as to that of her teacher, she had used other French words than those in the lessons—used them properly and with a pronunciation that the English woman knew was more perfect than her own.

"You doubtless heard French spoken at times in your father's dour," suggested My Dear as the most reasonable explanation.

Meriem shook her head.

"It may be," she said, "but I do not recall ever having seen a Frenchman in my father's company; he hated them and would have shot whatever he did with them, and I am quite sure that I never heard any of these words before; yet at the same time I find them all familiar. I cannot understand it."

"Neither can I," agreed My Dear.

It was about this time that a runner brought a letter that, when she learned the contents, filled Meriem with excitement. Visitors were coming! A number of English ladies and gentlemen had accepted My Dear's invitation to spend a month of hunting and exploring with them.

Meriem was all expectancy. What would these strangers be like? Would they be as nice to her as had Bwana and My Dear, or would they be like the other white folk she had known—cruel and relentless? My Dear assured her, however, that the gentlemen and that she would find them kind, considerate and honorable.

To My Dear's surprise there was none of the nervousness of the wild creature in Meriem's anticipation of their coming. She looked forward to their coming with curiosity and with a certain pleasurable anticipation when once she was assured that they would not bite her. In fact she appeared no different than would any pretty young miss who had learned of the expected coming of company.

Korak's image was still often in her thoughts, but it aroused now a less well-defined sense of bereavement. A quiet sadness pervaded Meriem when she thought of him, but the poignant grief of her loss when it was young no longer goaded her to desperation.

Yet she was still loyal to him. She still hoped that some day he would find her, nor did she doubt for a moment but that he was searching for her if he still lived.

It was this last suggestion that caused her the greatest perturbation. Korak might be dead. It hardly seemed possible that one so well equipped to meet the emergencies of jungle life should have succumbed so young, yet when she had last seen him he had been beset by a horde of armed warriors; and should he have been slain by the village again, as she well knew he must have, he may have been killed.

Even her Korak could not single-handed slay an entire tribe.

At last the visitors arrived. There were three men and two women. The youngest member of the party was Hon. Morison Baynes, a young man of considerable wealth who, having inherited the family fortunes for pleasure offered by the capitalists of Europe, had gladly seized upon this opportunity to turn to another continent for excitement and adventure.

He looked upon all things non-European as rather more or less impossible; still he was not at all averse to enjoying the novelty of unaccustomed places, and making the most of his opportunities. He was, however, unpeppable they might have seemed to him at home. In manner he was suave and courteous to all—if possible a trifle more punctilious toward those he considered of meaner class than toward the few he mentally admitted to equality.

Nature had favored him with a splendid physique and a handsome face, and also with sufficient good judgment to appreciate that, while he might enjoy the contemplation of his superiority to the masses, there was little to be gained by being equally entranced by the same cause. And so he easily maintained the reputation of a fair, open, democratic and likable fellow, and indeed he was such a man. He was of his egotism was occasionally apparent—never sufficient to become a burden to his associates.

And this, briefly, was the Hon. Morison Baynes of luxurious European civilization. What would be the Hon. Morison Baynes of Central Africa it were difficult to guess.

Scarce an hour passed that did not bring to the presence of the strangers. His benefactors had seen fit to ignore mention of her strange past, and so she passed as a young girl who had been brought to the island by the sea, and who had been mentioned were not to be inquired into. The guests found her sweet and unassuming, laughing, vivacious and a never-failing storehouse of quaint and interesting jungle lore.

She had ridden much during her year with Bwana and My Dear. She knew each favorite clump of concealing reeds along the river that the buffalo loved to bathe in, a dozen places where lions laired, and every drinking hole in the drier country 25 miles back from the river. With unerring precision that was almost uncanny she could

track the largest or the smallest beast to his hiding place.

But the thing that baffled them all was her instant consciousness of the presence of carnivora that others, exerting their faculties to the utmost, could neither see nor hear.

The Hon. Morison Baynes found Meriem a most beautiful and charming companion. He was delighted with her from the first. Particularly so, it is possible, because he had not thought to find companionship of this sort upon the African estate of his London friends. They were, too, a great deal, as they were the only unmarried girl in the little company.

Meriem, entirely unaccustomed to the companionship of such as Baynes, was fascinated by him. His tales of the great, gay cities with which he was familiar filled her with admiration and with wonder. If the Hon. Morison always shone to advantage in these narratives, Meriem was so captivated by a natural consequence to his presence upon the scene of his story—wherever Morison might be, he must be a hero. So thought the girl.

With the actual presence and companionship of the young Englishman the image of Korak became less real. Where before it had been an actuality to her, she now regarded it as but a memory. To that memory she was still loyal; but what weight has a memory in the presence of a fascinating reality?

Meriem had never accompanied the men upon a hunt since the arrival of the guests. She never had taken part in the sport of killing. The tracking she enjoyed; but the mere killing for the sake of killing she could not find pleasure in—little savage she had been, and still to some measure was.

When Bwana had gone forth to shoot for meat she had always been his enthusiastic companion, but with the coming of the London guests the hunting had deteriorated into mere killing. Slaughter the host would not permit; yet the purpose of the hunts were for heads and skins, and not for food.

So Meriem remained behind and spent her days either with My Dear upon the shaded veranda or riding her favorite pony across the plains or to the forest edge. Here she would leave him unattended while she rode the hunting dogs, and took to the trees for the unalloyed pleasure of a return to the wild, free existence of her earlier childhood.

Then would come again visions of Korak. He would be there, as if he were, and through the trees, she would stretch herself comfortably upon a branch and dream.

And presently, as today, she found the features of Korak slowly dissolving and being in place of another, and the figure of a tanned, muscled, sturdy Englishman astride a hunting pony.

And while she dreamed there came to her the memory of a hunting party, and the blinding of a kid. Meriem was instantly alert. You or I, even had we been able to hear the pitiful wail of so great a distance, could not have interpreted it; but to Meriem it meant a species of terror that afflicts the ruminant when a carnivore is near and escape impossible.

It was a memory of a hunt and a sport of Korak's to rob Numa of his prey whenever possible, and Meriem, too, had often joined in the thrill of snatching some dainty morsel almost from the very jaws of the king of the forest.

Now, at the sound of the kid's wail, all the well-remembered thrills recurred. Instantly she was all excitement to play again the part of the hunter, and she started toward the sound of the wailing.

Already she had discarded her riding skirt—it was a heavy handicap to successful travel in the trees. Her shoes and stockings she had discarded, and she was on her feet in a twinkling. Her hair she had pulled down and she was slipping on her dry or even wet bark as does the hard leather of a shoe.

Nature had clung to discard her riding breeches as well, but a year of motherly admonitions on the part of My Dear had almost convinced Meriem that it was not good, firm to go naked through the world.

At her hip hung a hunting knife. Her rifle was still in its boat at her pony's withers. Her revolver she had not brought, but she had a knife and a pistol. She started rapidly in its direction, which she knew was straight toward a certain water hole which had once been famous as a rendezvous for lions, and where she had seen evidences of carnivora in the neighborhood of this drinking place; but Meriem was positive that the wailing of the kid was due to the presence of either a lion or a leopard.

But she would soon know, for she was rapidly approaching the terrified animal. She wondered as she hastened on that why she should not have been with the same point. Why did the kid not run away?

And then she came in sight of the little animal, and knew. The kid was tethered to a tree, and she saw that he had been hurt. Meriem paused in the branches of a nearby tree and scanned the surrounding clearing with quick, penetrating eyes. Where was the hunter? Bwana and My Dear had not been seen. Who could have tethered this poor little beast as a lure to Numa? Bwana never countenanced such acts in his country, and his word was law. He would not have within a radius of many miles of his estate.

Some wandering savage, doubtless, thought Meriem; but where were they? Not safety to leave the kid to the tender mercies of the lion. Why had he not long since sprung upon this delicious and defenseless morsel? That he was close by was attested by the pitiful crying of the kid.

Now she saw him. He was lying close in a clump of brush a few yards to her right. The kid was down wind from him and getting the full benefit of his hot, roasting scent, which did not reach Meriem.

To circle to the opposite side of the clearing where the trees approached closer to the kid, to lead out to the lion and cut the tether that held him would be the work of but a moment. In that moment Numa might charge, and then there would be a struggle that would be the death of the kid. Yet it might be done. Meriem had escaped from closer quarters than that many times before.

The doubt that gave her momentary pause about to leave the kid to the tender mercies of the lion, was the thought that she was a woman, and that she was a woman who had been brought to the island by the sea, and who had been mentioned were not to be inquired into.

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## POODLES OF HIGH DEGREE RAISED BY WOMAN'S HAND

They are the pets of Mrs. Bertha Sinkler, of this city, who probably has raised more dogs that have won blue ribbons than any other woman in the State.



## DOGS, TO WIN PRIZES, MUST KEEP IN TRAINING

Mrs. Bertha Sinkler, Owner of Many Champions, Gives Treatment Formula

The physical training of a Jess Willard has nothing on the care of a championship dog. Exercise, diet and sleep are just as important for his Dogship as it is for the fighter—said the author of the book "The Dog as a Companion." Pedigreed, inbred dogs are extremely sensitive," declared their mistress, as she coddled a diminutive fluffy puppy which reposed with half closed eyes on her capacious lap. "They should be treated just like babies. They are very affectionate—commend me to poodles for real love, they are much more devoted than bulldogs. I have never sold a puppy from my kennels to a person that would be cruel to it, nor to a home where there are children. If I know it, nor did I ever send one out of the city. It wouldn't be worth a hundred dollars to me to see one of these dogs abused. Money doesn't mean that much," she declared emphatically. "And one look at the drowsy, contented puppy on her lap convinced the hearer that Bertha Sinkler, fancier, told the truth.

## WILL REMOVE MORGAN ART FROM MUSEUM

Preparations Made to Deliver \$13,000,000 Worth Already Sold—\$15,000,000 to Remain

NEW YORK, May 31.—The J. P. Morgan collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been closed to the public preparatory to stripping the galleries of the works of art that have been sold during the last year. The paintings, bronzes and antique enamels may remain, though there are rumors that the \$13,000,000 worth of bronzes, furniture, porcelains and tapestries that have been sold represent only the beginning of the disposal of the entire collection.

## GRADUATION AT POLYCLINIC

Twelve Nurses Will Be Awarded Diplomas at Exercise Tonight

Graduating exercises of the Polyclinic Hospital Training School for Nurses will be held tonight at the hospital, 19th and Lombard streets. Twelve nurses will be awarded diplomas. Herbert L. Clark, president of the board of trustees of the hospital, will present the diplomas, while Dr. R. Max Goetz will award the scholarships. The Rev. Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, of Holy Trinity, will pronounce the benediction and the invocation and Dr. William H. Nicholson will preside.

## Big Influx From Italy

NEW YORK, May 31.—The steamship Giuseppe Verdi has arrived here from Italy, bringing 25 first, 249 second and 155 third-class passengers, of whom 62 were removed at quarantine for observation. This is said to be the largest steamer brought to this port by one vessel since the war began.

## Quilbert to Sing at Bryn Mawr

Quaint songs and chansons of the old France of the romantic period will be included in an open-air concert to be given in the cloister garden at Bryn Mawr College tonight, by Madame Yvette Quilbert, for the benefit of the Macy-E. Garrett Memorial Endowment Fund.

## Awning Kills Four Paraders

DALLAS, Tex., May 31.—Four persons were killed and 18 injured late yesterday when a wooden awning over the sidewalk of a building on Main street collapsed. The killed and injured were part of a throng watching a preparedness parade.

## FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

Dear Children—Do you know that the greatest men in the world always have some "hobby" or other to amuse them?

I was talking the other day with a Doctor who has a beautiful aquarium which is inhabited by one goldfish, a little turtle and a pollywog or tadpole.

The good Doctor has a little boy who is a member of our wonderful Rainbow Club. His father wanted to know if you could tell him what a tadpole is, and I told him that I knew you could.

Then he asked me why it was that his little turtle was always climbing the tree in the little aquarium. I told him I didn't know, but that I thought a turtle was the same as a walrus or bullfrog and could live on both land and sea.

The Doctor explained to me very carefully that those animals which have spines or backbones are different from those which do not have them.

I have watched a great many turtles, but I do not know as yet why it is that they are always so fond of climbing up on logs and getting where they can see all that is going on.

Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you that the Doctor's little boy is watching every day to see if the little tadpole has any legs.

Just as soon as I can find time I am going to get an aquarium of my own, so I can have a beautiful time like the Doctor.

Gold fish cost 5 cents, tadpoles 5 cents and turtles 25 cents. Maybe I can get a turtle in a department store and shall watch for a bargain in turtles, 23 cents, marked down from 25 cents.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

P. S.—If any of you have tadpoles or turtles please write us about them. P. S. No. 2—Do not send me any by mail, as they might eat the stamps off.

Our Postoffice Box Paul Leiby is a comparatively new little Rainbow who lives in Germantown, Pa. That he is a young man of influence in that section of the State is proved by the fact that since his joining many other little boys and girls in his neighborhood have made application to become members. Paul is smiling at us because he has just finished studying his reading lesson and—of course every boy is happy—when he has just finished studying his reading lesson. How many members think that way?

Jeanette Jonas, North 34th street, wants to write a story and would like to have a subject furnished to her. We suggest that she tell us about "A Little Girl Who Loved the Movies." Jeanette is a very original lassie whom we are sure will be able to write all sorts of interesting things about this particular "little girl." Velma Haines, Maple Shade, N. J., will send some stories after school closes. At present she is quite busy preparing for examinations. Randolph Rapp, Agnes McCormick and H. Kaufman were busy wondering how they could make pin money. The "Rainbow Plan" has made them cease wondering, for now they know!

The following children recently thanked us for Rainbow Buttons: Mary Toney, Frederick and Elizabeth Boos, Virginia Somers, Anna Seltzer, William Robertson, Robert Teufel, Anna Sackowitz, Hugh Lynch, Rose Eisenberg, Woodbine, N. J.; Mary Weinstein, Woodbury, N. J.; Archie Weir, Rudolph Moosbrugger and William and Lester Boyce, Yeasden, Pa.

The following out-of-town members have lately been added to the Rainbow list: Peter Bartoloni, Trenton, N. J.; Billy Lake, Dolgansdale, Pa.; Richard Keator, Wayne, Pa.; Agnes Anderson, Trenton, N. J.; Raymond Anderson, Trenton, Pa.; Margaret Kramer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harold Carter, Philadelphia, Pa.

1. What is the most popular letter in the alphabet, so far as you are concerned? Please take it and use it where it belongs. As follows: P T H N M L K R W G S I L L C T T N L S E M T M X T T L I T S T H N

2. Make two other words with the letters contained in "SHIPPING."

## JIMMY MONKEY'S APPETITE

By Farmer Smith Jimmy Monkey was sitting in the bamboo tree looking all around him when Mister Elephant came along with his friend, Mister Elephant.

"I perceive a speck on the end of your tiny tail," said Jimmy to Mister Elephant. "What does 'perceive' mean?" asked Mister Elephant.

"Is it possible that a large, huge being like you doesn't know what 'perceive' means? Why, it means 'to see.' Now, I say, I perceive a speck on the end of your tail. What do I mean?" Jimmy squinted down at Mister Elephant.

"It means you don't know what you are talking about, for there is no speck on the end of my tail," said Mister Elephant, as he looked straight at Jimmy with his heavy eyes.

"How do you know there is no speck on your tail?" asked Jimmy.

"Because it is my tail," replied the big fellow. "I know all there is to know about my tail, and I tell you that no speck would dare touch it, because I know it, knowing it—besides, you are very hungry."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Jimmy, filled with curiosity.

"I told you what?"

"I told you—you—YOU—that YOU are hungry and you are getting hungrier every minute and in about an hour you will starve to death," said Mister Elephant.

"Did you ever starve to death?" asked Jimmy of the big fellow.

"Yes—e, but only once. I came near starving to death once, but—look at you now, Jimmy Monkey, you are starving to death. Run home as fast as you can and appease your appetite."

"What kind of a pecker?" asked Jimmy.

"Appease. Why, you are getting thinner every minute. I can see right through you, my dear boy."

"Well," began Jimmy, "if you can see right through me, you can see that I ate a cocoon about five minutes before you came and my appetite is working on that. Go and scare somebody your own size."

And Mister Elephant DID SCAT!

## SCHEME NO. 58

By Your Editor Isn't this perfectly grand! The other day I asked some of our dear friends if they would like some magazines and they were delighted. Then I thought I would be selfish if I did not tell you about this way of being kind to the dear friends, and so I am going to ask you to ask your father and mother to get all your old magazines and you can take them to the nearest firehouse and tell the fireman that you are from FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB, and be sure to wear your pin.

Why don't you think of some beautiful things? I don't want to be a piggy-wig with my beautiful ideas.

## The Girl Who Played With Matches

By BERTHA CHILDS, Danville, Pa. There was once a little girl that liked to play with matches better than she liked to mind her mother. So one day, while her mother was busy in the kitchen, she went into the next room and got the matches. While she was having a good time, as she thought, striking matches, her dress caught fire.

Then it wasn't so funny. She cried for help. Her mother ran into the room in time to save the girl from burning up, but that little girl will never play with matches any more, because she remembers the lesson she learned that day when she thought she was burning to death.

## New Cult Wants Ford as Leader

NEW YORK, May 31.—Misha Applebaum, founder and leader of the Humanitarian Cult, which is carrying on an extensive advertising campaign for military and social preparedness, said last night that he expects to establish a branch of the cult in Detroit, with Henry Ford as leader. Mr. Applebaum is to address a public meeting there June 6.

## Man Wins Suffrage Slogan Prize

CHICAGO, May 31.—A man won the first prize for the best slogan for the woman suffrage parade here on June 7, his offering being "Give women a man's chance." The originator of the slogan is Ramiro Maynes, a Spaniard, who married an American woman.

The Reading IS THE DIRECT LINE TO THE PLAYGROUNDS of the WORLD

Table with 4 columns: City, 60-TRIP MONTHLY, 150-TRIP SEASON, 20-TRIP YEARLY. Rows include Atlantic City, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Stone Harbor, Wildwood, Cape May.

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